

Santa Claus

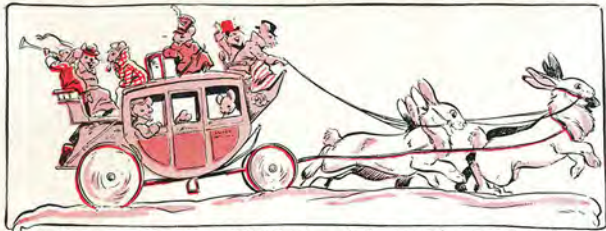
FUNNIES

A DELL
10¢
MAGAZINE
NO. 175





**WEBCOMIC
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*Oh, it's fun to be traveling at Christmas,
There's a wonderful lot of good will—*

*And a sort of a general excitement
That warms you in spite of the chill.*



*It's a time of the year to be merry,
to meet others as merry as you.*

*To be helpful and smiling and generous.
These are days that we number too few.*



*It's a time when you're glad you can travel
No matter how far you may roam—*

*For this time you know that your journey
Is taking you all the way home.*

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A LETTER TO SANTA

Story by O. Lebeck
Pictures by M. Gollub



Christmas was still many months off but Santa was already very busy.



The mail from all over the world was coming in and Santa spent a good deal of his time at his desk.



Most of the letters were brief and to the point, "Dear Santa, I want a bicycle for Christmas—Johnny Jones."



Some letters were hard to read and Santa had a hard time making them out. Some he just couldn't read at all.

But then came the letter
which upset Santa terribly.



DEAR, DEAR, SANTA

WE ARE IN BAD SHAPE, MATILDA
DOLL AND I. ONE OF HER ARMS IS OFF
AND SHE IS GETTING BALD. I AM NOT MUCH
OF A BEAR ANY MORE EITHER. ONE EAR IS
GONE AND THE STUFFING IS ALL WRONG.
IT IS ALL ON THE BOTTOM, I CAN HARDLY
WALK. MOST OF THE TIME WE ARE IN A
DARK BOX. I THOUGHT I'D LET YOU KNOW
HOW WE'RE DOING SINCE YOU LEFT US
HERE LAST CHRISTMAS. MISTAKES WILL
HAPPEN, BUT PLEASE, SANTA, BE MORE
CAREFUL AND DON'T SEND ANYBODY TO
THIS HOUSE NEXT CHRISTMAS. THE
CHILDREN ARE AWFUL.

YOUR TEDDY

P.S. COULD YOU FIX UP MATILDA AND
ME AS A CHRISTMAS PRESENT ?

THERE'S A PUPPY HERE. HE HAS
A BAD TIME TOO. CAN YOU GIVE HIM
SOME DOG COOKIES AND A PIECE OF
FLEA SOAP ?



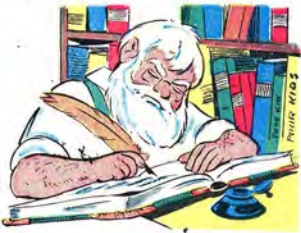
Santa was very distressed when he finished reading the letter.



"Poor, poor little things," he muttered, "of course I'll help you right away, but first I'll have to attend to something else."



Santa checked the address of the letter with his huge ledger. "Here it is," he said, as he found the name in the book.



"We took his pen and struck out the name." "No more toys or gifts until further notice," he wrote on the margin.



Then Santa got busy writing some important letters. When he was finished, he called one of his most trusted helpers.



"Trundle, my good fellow, I have a most important mission for you," said Santa.



Then he gave the little gnome all the necessary instructions and told him to hurry.



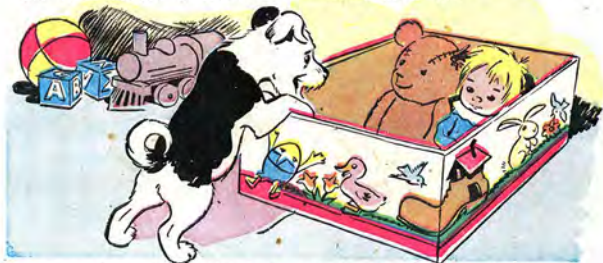
"You can use Blitzen," he said. "He is the fastest of my reindeers. Now don't fail me and don't lose the letters."



Brundle hurried to the stable. A few minutes later he rode up in the sky on the back of the fleet-footed Blitzen.



While all this was going on, Teddy and Matilda sat in their dork box trying to cheer each other up.



There was very little the two could be cheerful about. The only times they felt a little happier were when Blackie paid them a visit.



Teddy and Matilda were dozing when they heard a rap on the box



Poking their heads out of the box they saw Trundle, the little gnome, standing before them.



"Santa sent me," said Trundle. "I am coming to take you away from here."



"You see, Matilda," cried Teddy, "Santa did get my letter."



Teddy and Matilda were terribly excited. They laughed and cried while Trundle went to fetch Blackie.



Blackie was very sleepy because it was the middle of the night. He could hardly keep his eyes open.



With Trundle in the lead all four of them tiptoed through the house.



Teddy had a hard time keeping up because his feet were so swollen from the sawdust stuffing.



Matilda had wound a kerchief around her head to hide her baldness and she held her empty sleeve so that one could not see the missing arm.



Blackie, sleepy as he was, bumped into things. He whined and Trundle picked him up and carried him the rest of the way.



Outside of the house stood Blitzen waiting for them. He knelt down to let them climb on his back.



Up in the air and over the house tops they flew, Blackie in Trundle's lap, Jeddy and Matilda hanging on to Trundle to keep from falling off.



The ride was a short one. Blitzen, guided by Trundle, came down in front of a house.

The sign on the house said, ANIMAL HOSPITAL.



Trundle put Blackie down in front of the door and was about to ring the bell.

"Wait a minute," shouted Jeddy, "I'm an animal too!" Trundle laughed. "Yes, but you're a stuffed animal, you come under the classification of toys."



Jeddy didn't know what classification meant, but he kept quiet. The door opened and Trundle presented one of his letters.



The man read the letter and smiled. He took Blackie inside after waving a friendly goodbye.



"Are we going to see Blackie again?" asked Jeddy. "He is our friend, you know."



"Of course you will," said Trundle, "it is all in the letters. Santa has it all fixed up."



Up through the sky they went and down again.



This time the sign on the house said DOLL CLINIC.



Trundle helped Jedd and Matilda down. "Here we are," he said.



"What's a Doll Clinic?" whispered Jedd. "I don't know," whispered Matilda.



Trundle rang the bell and held his letter ready.



A kind-faced woman opened the door and looked at them in surprise.



She, too, smiled after reading the letter. She picked up Matilda and Jedd and nodded to Trundle.



She said, "Please tell Santa that we are glad to take care of everything."



Then the woman closed the door and carried Matilda and Jedly inside.



Matilda and Jedly, of course, could not understand human speech. After all they were toys.



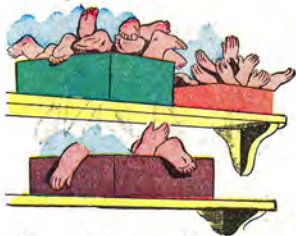
So they were a bit frightened at first, being left in this strange house.



The woman put them on a shelf and left the room.



From a shelf across the room hundreds of dolls' heads stared at them.



On another shelf stood boxes full of arms and legs.



Matilda burst out crying. "Mr. Trundle has sold us to be cut up into pieces," she sobbed.



Teddy gulped. "Oh no, Matilda, he couldn't. Santa Claus sent him, remember?"



"But suppose your letter got into wrong hands and Santa never saw it?" said Matilda.



Teddy tried not to think of it and used all his courage to comfort Matilda.



Finally Matilda cried herself to sleep in Teddy's arms.



Teddy didn't want to fall asleep because he wanted to protect Matilda.



But at last he also got so sleepy he just could not keep his eyes open any longer.



The two slept peacefully unaware of all the things that happened to them in the meanwhile.



They didn't know that they were picked up.



Nor did they feel a thing when busy hands worked on them.



They still slept when they were put into a box and a messenger came to take them away.



The messenger brought them to a white house inside a lovely garden.

It was a home for convalescent children--children who had been very sick but now were on the way to getting well again.



The children were sitting around in a circle in the garden.



Blackie the pup was in the middle showing off. He was sitting up--at least he was trying to.



Blackie looked beautiful. He was clean and brushed and he had a big red ribbon tied to his shiny collar.



The children shouted and laughed and everyone wanted to pet Blackie.



The messenger stepped up to the circle of the laughing children.



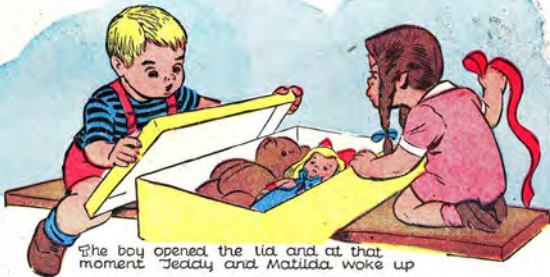
We went to a little boy and a little girl who sat together.



They were brother and sister and had been awfully sick. Their parents were very poor and had never been able to buy toys.



The messenger put the box between them and told them to open it.



The boy opened the lid and at that moment Jeady and Matilda woke up



They were so surprised they could not believe their own eyes.



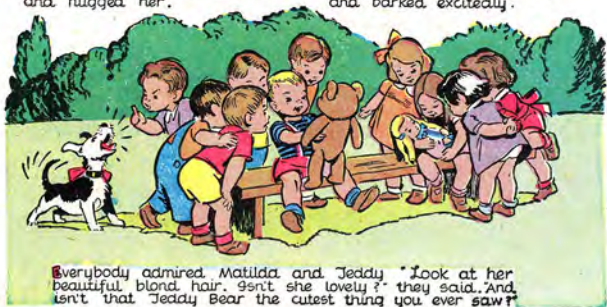
The little boy took Jeddy in his arms.



The little girl clutched Matilda and hugged her.



Blackie came romping over and barked excitedly.



Everybody admired Matilda and Jeddy. "Look at her beautiful blond hair. Isn't she lovely?" they said. "And isn't that Jeddy Bear the cutest thing you ever saw?"



Matilda looked at herself she had two arms just as she had last Christmas. She felt her long blond curls. They were as soft as silk.

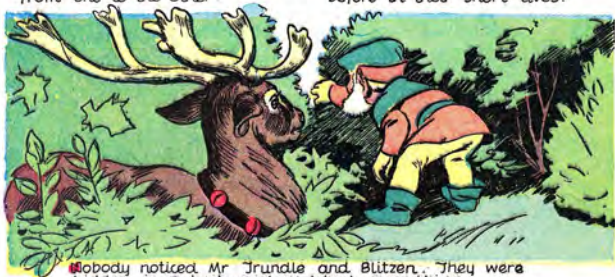


Jeddy touched his round little body. Every bit of stuffing was just in the right place.



He reached up and felt his head. He had two ears. Jeddy grinned from one to the other.

Both Matilda and Jeddy felt happier than they ever had before in their short lives.



Nobody noticed Mr. Trundle and Blitzen. They were hidden in a bush and watched everything.



Trundle was happy too because he knew he had carried out Santa's wishes well.



He mounted Blitzen and at his word, Blitzen shot out of the bushes and up in the air.



The children heard the noise and looked up.



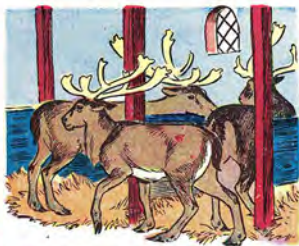
Blitzen was so fast they could not make out what it was, but they heard the tinkling bells of his harness.



Trundle and Blitzen made straight for the North Pole.



Santa was just feeding his reindeer when Trundle and Blitzen appeared in the sky above.



Blitzen was very hungry and quickly joined the other reindeer.



Trundle reported to Santa and told him exactly how he had carried out his orders.



Santa listened carefully and as he heard the story his face became brighter and brighter.



At the last word he laughed merrily and clapped Trundle on the back. "Ho, ho, Trundle! Well done! Well done! Now I can sleep in peace, for I want my charges to be happy and content so that they love their good old Santa."



For the next few months Santa was very, very, busy. Time was getting short.



And soon came the day he went off on his trip. His sleigh loaded with presents.



One of his first stops was the house in which the children lived who now owned Teddy and Matilda.

The children were sleeping. They were now healthy and well.



Santa came out of the fireplace and almost tripped over Blackie.



Blackie was sleeping in a basket. Santa put a big box of dog cookies next to him and a rubber bone.



Then he tiptoed into the bedroom of the children.



There he found Jeddy snuggled up to the sleeping boy.



And Matilda in the arms of the sleeping little girl.



Santa stooped over and lifted Jeddy and Matilda out of the children's arms.



"Are you happy, you two?" whispered Santa. "Are the children good?"



"Oh, they are wonderful, Santa," said Jedly. "Thank you for all you've done," whispered Matilda.



"Well, that is fine," said Santa. "In that case, I'll leave a great big bundle of presents for them."



"But no teddy bear!" pleaded Jedly. "No!" laughed Santa, "no teddy bear, but a baby doll. How's that Matilda?"



"Oh, that's wonderful," cried Matilda happily. Santa left a great many packages under the tree with Matilda and Jedly sitting among them to watch till the morning. Then Santa went on his way to bring a Merry, Merry Christmas to all the rest of the world.



Santa's Mistake

If there is one person in the whole wide world whom you'd never believe could make a mistake about anything, it would be old Father Christmas—Santa Claus himself. You'd certainly expect him to be able to keep things straight, but there was just one time that he didn't. Of course it wasn't his fault but he didn't just the same.

Now it all came about like this:

It had been a very busy





Christmas Eve. It seemed to Santa that the children of the world had just multiplied by ten over the previous year. There were many toys to pack and load on the sleigh and Santa and his helpers had worked nearly all the previous night. Everyone was tired, and in particular one little helper named Snoozle.

Just before supper on Christmas Eve, Snoozle could not stay awake any longer he was that sleepy. So, when no one was looking Snoozle just crept over into a nice big doll box and went sound asleep. And Snoozle was a sound sleeper, for he never felt the box being loaded on the sleigh nor did he hear anything as Santa drove off with a Merry






Christmas and started on his rounds.

Of course it was quite cold outside but that didn't bother Snoozle any for the nice warm excelsior in the doll box kept him comfortable and the gentle bobbing rhythm of the sleigh as it sped through the sky just lulled him into a deeper sleep. In fact Snoozle didn't even feel it when at last Santa lifted the box in which he was sleeping and took it down a large red chimney along with quite a few other toys—well he did sort of feel things moving around some but he just pulled the excelsior a little tighter and went right on sleeping away.

It was very quiet in the big living room as Santa stepped



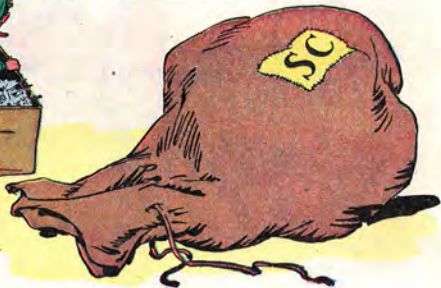
out of the fireplace and looked around. The stockings hung quietly on the mantelpiece, a gaily dressed tree stood nearby and over on a little table a candle burned brightly away. "Quiet as a church," said Santa to himself and then he stopped, for he heard a gentle buzzing sound quite nearby. "Must be the father snoring," he smiled but no—he stopped for the sound seemed much nearer. He listened again. There it was—and coming right out of his bag! One of the mechanical toys perhaps—but again no, for he remembered that he had no mechanical toys for this house—then what? Well, you know what it was, don't you? It was Snuzzle and he was snoring!



Of course Santa didn't know that though and his hands trembled just a little as he cautiously lifted the doll box out of his bag. "What can this be?" wondered Santa and he half hesitated before he untied the big red ribbon and then as he lifted the box top, he stepped back a little, for there was Snoozle—snoozling away.

Well Santa had to smile and then try as he would not, he had to laugh. "Why Snoozle," he called in a loud whisper and as Snoozle stared around him in a startled sleepy fashion, Santa had to laugh again. "You rascal," said Santa, "you should be home at the pole asleep."

"I—I—couldn't help it,"





murmured the sleepy Snoozle. "Of course you couldn't," whispered Santa and then he stopped again, for there in the doorway stood the father of house.

"Why Santa," whispered the father, "I'm sorry I thought—" "I know," whispered Santa, "you thought I was a burglar. Well, I'm sorry, friend, that I had to wake you—but well, I've made a little mistake tonight," and then taking Snoozle's hand he climbed into the chimney and was off.

Well, they still call Snoozle "Santa's mistake" up at the pole and he always laughs at it. But, there's one thing Snoozle never does—he never sleeps in doll boxes any more.



At Christmas Time



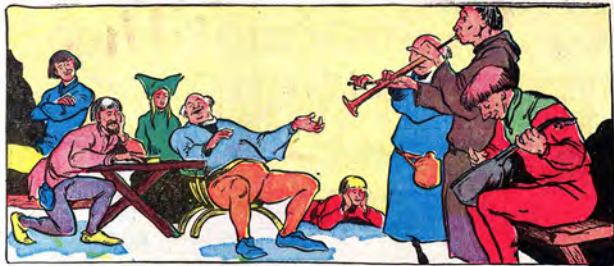
At Christmas time the wind is chill—and snowdrifts cap each distant hill.



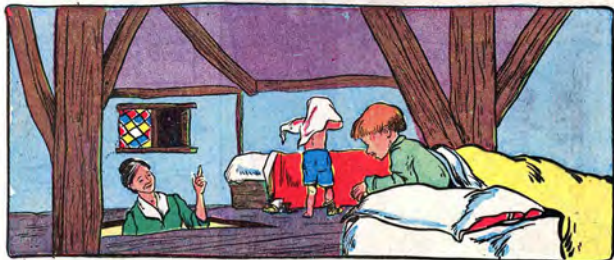
And Jonathan's nose is brightly red, as in the stable cows are fed.



But in the house there rules good cheer, and at the hearth pots cook does peer.



The spirit of the time is bright, and merry minstrels cheer the night.

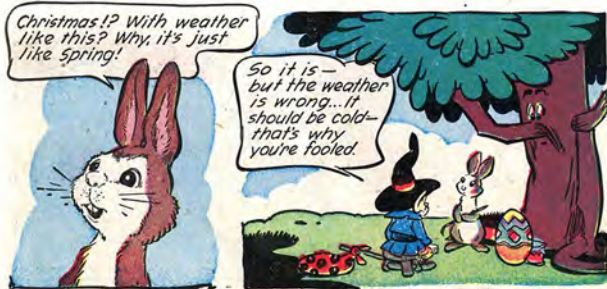


Now early to their attic cots eagerly go the little tots—



And all are happy now because we are awaiting Santa Claus.

The Great THREE-FLAVORED Blizzard



You mean it's really Winter?
I thought it **must** be Spring—
now what will I do with this
Easter egg?



Pack it up and bring it
along to Santa Claus...
I'm going to see
him anyway.

That's
a good
idea—a
present
for Santa!



Yes, he seldom gets
one—especially an
Easter egg at
Christmas.

Why are
you going
to see Santa,
Mr. Gnome?



My name is
Fuzzychin—I
always help Santa
at Christmas time.



But you'd never know
it was Christmas—
doesn't Santa's palace
look queer without
any snow?





Yes, Fuzzychin—but how will Santa deliver toys and gifts in his sleigh? He'll need snow, won't he?



That's right, Easter Bunny! Let's hurry; maybe Santa will need our help—this is an emergency!



Puff! This is a long flight of steps!

Phew! Not built for folks our size!



I'm glad the doorbell isn't any higher.



The doorbell! Maybe it's the messenger coming back from the weatherman.



Couldn't Easter Bunny and I go to the weatherman and find out the trouble?

I sent Twinkle the elf to find out—but he hasn't come back.

Come on, Easter Bunny, we'll go find out what happened.

Right.

Do you know where the weatherman lives?

Sure!

It isn't too far.

There's the place, the door's open...

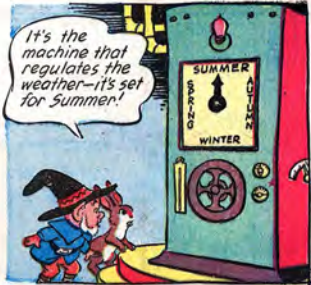
My—it looks like nobody's home.

Not a sound and not a soul in sight—the place is deserted!

Look! There's why we're having hot weather.

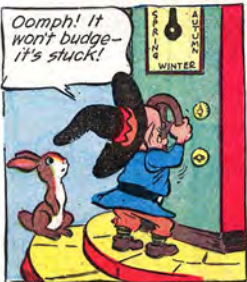


It's the machine that regulates the weather—it's set for Summer!



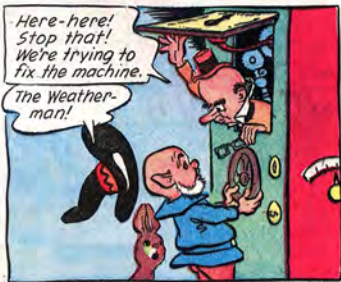
Oomph! It won't budge—it's stuck!

WINTER



Here-her! Stop that! We're trying to fix the machine.

The Weather-man!



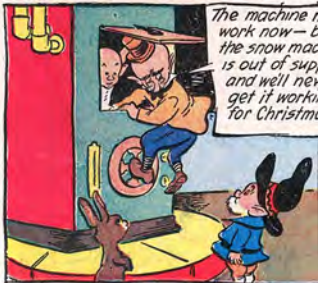
Yes! The season machine is stuck and Twinkle the elf and I have just about finished repairing it.



Oh, that's fine! Then we Will have snow for Christmas!

Humph! Not so fast!





The machine might work now— but the snow machine is out of supplies— and we'll never get it working for Christmas.



See, here's the machine that makes the snow. It mixes up the materials and pumps the clouds full of snow.



There on the end of the spout is the empty cloud, and two elves wait to tie it tight when it's full of snow, and Moe the mighty gnome will bat it out the window.



Then, followed by dozens of others, it would float out over the world and deposit snow on hill and dale— except for one thing...



We haven't any materials to make snow with.



Pull yourself together, Weatherman— Christmas is Christmas even without snow.

It's not—everybody will blame me again— and besides, I like to watch Moe bat the clouds out the window. It makes such a nice, squishy noise.

There— there...

Just think of all the children who will get sleds.

Golly— are you upset too, Twinkle?

Of course he's upset— think of the children who will get snow shovels—

And sleigh bells—



And snowshoes— and skis—

And snow plows and toboggans and—

Goodness, Easter Bunny, this is serious! We'd better do something.

But where can we get the things to mix snow?



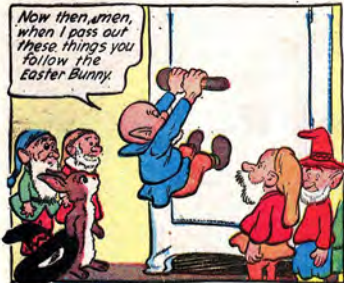
Of course I could get plenty of eggs—

That won't be necessary— but it does give me an idea...

We'll go right to Santa's icebox— and with the gnomes to help us we'll solve the problem in no time.



Now then, men,
when I pass out
these things you
follow the
Easter Bunny.



Doops—the icebox opened
unexpectedly.



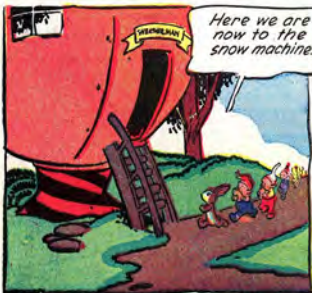
All right—take
these things and
do just as the
Easter Bunny
says.



Follow me—right to
the weatherman's
house.



Here we are—
now to the
snow machine.



Here now, dump
these things into
the snow machine
funnels.



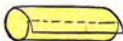




Let's Make Puppets



TAKE A CARDBOARD CYLINDER -- OR MAKE A CYLINDER BY PASTING A PIECE OF STRONG CONSTRUCTION PAPER ABOUT THE LENGTH OF YOUR FINGER. COVER THE WHOLE TOP WITH COTTON - BUILDING A BALL FOR THE HEAD.



MAKE A PASTE OF FLOUR AND WATER AND HEAT ON THE STOVE OVER A LOW FLAME UNTIL IT IS THE THICKNESS OF MAYONNAISE. ALLOW TO COOL. WHILE COOLING, CUT LOTS OF NEWSPAPER INTO STRIPS ABOUT 1/4 INCH WIDE. DIP THESE STRIPS INTO THE PASTE AND WRAP AROUND THE COTTON HEAD, BUILDING OUT AROUND THE "SHOULDER." ALLOW TO THOROUGHLY DRY.



NOW TAKE WHITE POSTER PAINT AND ADD A DROP OF RED AND A DROP OF YELLOW ALTERNATELY UNTIL YOU ACHIEVE A FLESH TONE. DRAW THE FACES ON THE HEADS LIGHTLY WITH PENCIL, COPYING THE FACES ON THESE PAGES. NOTICE THE EYES 1/2 WAY BETWEEN TOP AND BOTTOM OF THE HEAD. NOW CAREFULLY PAINT THE FACES. SANTA'S EYEBROWS AND MUSTACHE ARE PAINTED. THE BEARD WE WILL PASTE ON.





TO MAKE THE WIGS AND SANTA'S BEARD, TAKE YARN IN THE PROPER COLOR. WRAP 80 TIMES AROUND A BOOK, RUNNING UP AND DOWN TO DISTRIBUTE IT EVENLY. THEN SEW UP ONE SIDE SECURELY AND CUT THE OTHER. YOU THEN HAVE A SHAPE AS IN FIGURE B. NOW PASTE THIS ON THE HEADS FOR HAIR AND CUT WITH THE SCISSORS. SHORT FOR SANTA, LONG FOR THE LITTLE GIRL. SANTA'S BEARD IS MADE BY FOLDING AN EXTRA WIG OVER STRING AND TYING AROUND HEAD SECURING WITH PASTE, THEN SHAPING WITH SCISSORS.



THE GOWNS OF THE GIRL AND THE WICKED STEPMOTHER ARE MADE AS IN FIGURE D. HANDS ARE CUT OUT OF FELT AND PINNED IN PLACE. THEN THE DRESS IS SEWED ALL AROUND AND THE THREAD PULLED TIGHTLY AROUND THE NECK TO HOLD IT ON. SANTA AND THE LITTLE BOY HAVE FELT FEET SEWED IN THE SAME WAY AS THE HANDS. THEY HAVE A CUT UP THE BACK OF THE COSTUMES WHERE YOU PUT YOUR HAND TO WORK THEM.



THE STAGE CAN BE MADE OF HEAVY CARDBOARD OR PLYWOOD. A SQUARE IS CUT NEAR THE TOP FOR THE STAGE PART. CURTAINS ARE TACKED ON AND DRAWN BACK FOR EACH ACT. IF YOU PREFER-- A WINDOW OR A DOORWAY WITH CURTAINS STRETCHED ACROSS CAN BE USED WITH THE AUDIENCE SITTING ON CHAIRS IN FRONT.



THE WICKED STEPMOTHER HAS DARK GREY HAIR AND A BIG ROUND GREEN NOSE. TINY TINKLE HAS A FUNNY CAP WITH A BELL ON IT. SEW A FEW BELLS ON HIS SUIT AROUND THE NECK AND SLEEVES OR MAYBE UP THE FRONT. TRIM SANTA'S SUIT WITH WHITE COTTON. THE LITTLE BOY CAN HAVE A TIE MADE OF RIBBON. THE LITTLE GIRL AN APRON.

a Christmas Play

in three acts with two scenes

Prologue by Tiny Tinkle



"LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, WE ASKED YOU TODAY TO COME TO OUR THEATRE AND WITNESS A PLAY. OUR STORY TAKES PLACE IN THE MIDWINTER COLD--OUR CHARACTERS ARE BOTH YOUNG AND OLD.

THE TWINS--LITTLE CHILDREN, SO FRIGHTENED AND SMALL AND THE STEPMOTHER, MEAN, NASTY, LANKY AND TALL AND DARLING OLD SANTA--SO JOLLY AND FAT, WITH A LITTLE RED NOSE, AND FUR ON HIS HAT. --BUT ON WITH THE PLAY. (NOW OPEN THE CURTAINS)



"SEE HOW THE WIND BLOWS BROTHER! I'M AFRAID WE'LL HAVE ANOTHER BLIZZARD BEFORE DARK."
"DON'T WORRY, I HAVE HIDDEN SOME FOOD AND IF IT SNOWS WE WILL HAVE FOOD FOR ONE DAY AT LEAST."



"BUT STEPMOTHER WON'T ALLOW US TO EAT IT. SHE'LL BEAT US IF SHE FINDS YOU'VE HIDDEN HER FOOD."
"I DON'T CARE. SHE'LL BEAT US ANYHOW IF WE'RE HUNGRY AND CRY."



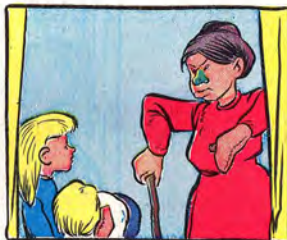
"OH BROTHER, I'M SO COLD AND HUNGRY, OH DEAR, HERE SHE COMES NOW."
"HERE, STAND NEAR ME, I'LL TALK TO HER."



SOUNDS OF COUGHING (HACK, HACK) AND STOMPING AS WICKED STEPMOTHER COMES ON STAGE.....
"HA! I KNEW IT. COUGH, COUGH! LOOK AT THE FLOOR! YOU HAVEN'T CLEANED THE FLOOR!"



"NO, NO!"
"AND YOU, YOU LAZY WENCH! I'LL FIX YOU, WHERE'S MY SUPPER?"



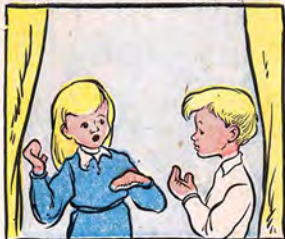
"BUT WE HAVEN'T ANY **FOOD!** YOU KNOW WE HAVEN'T ANY **FOOD!**"
"THERE WERE **TWO** SLICES OF BREAD YESTERDAY. WHERE ARE THEY? WHERE **ARE** THEY?"



"WHERE ARE THEY?"



"NOW, GET ON YOUR FEET YOU LAZY LOITR. I'LL GIVE YOU SOMETHING TO CRY ABOUT. GET THE PAIL--AND YOU! THE BRUSH! AND SEE THIS FLOOR IS DONE IN A RUSH. HEAT THE STOVE FOR ID LIKE SOME TEA, BUT **NOT FOR YOU! NO,** JUST FOR ME!"
(AND OFF SHE GOES)



THE CHILDREN ARE TERRIBLY FRIGHTENED. . . .
 "OH NOW, WHATEVER WILL WE DO! THERE IS NO WATER TO HEAT! NO FUEL FOR THE STOVE AND THE BLIZZARD IS STARTING."
 "COME WITH ME, WE WILL FIND OUR WAY TO THE HOUSE OF THE FARMER. HE WILL NOT TURN US OUT."



SOAP FLAKES USED FOR SNOW START FALLING ON STAGE THROUGH THE DOOR. SOUNDS OF WIND HOWLING.



WELL, NOW YOU HAVE SEEN HOW THE WICKED STEPMOTHER BEAT AND STARVED THIS GIRL AND HER BROTHER, AND MADE THEM RUN FROM THE HOUSE THROUGH THE WOODS.



IN A BLIZZARD SO COLD THEY COULD DROP WHERE THEY STOOD. OUR NEXT SCENE TAKES PLACE LATER ON IN THE DAY. BUT ENOUGH OF THIS TALKING AND ON WITH THE PLAY.....



BOY AND GIRL WALKING AND FALLING SLOWLY ACROSS THE STAGE (SNOW FALLING LIGHTLY) WOLVES HOWLING IN BACKGROUND.
 "I CAN'T GO ON! (SOB, SOB) OH, I CAN'T GO ON. MY FEET ARE FROZEN."
 "WE MUST BE NEAR THE FARMER'S HOUSE NOW. IF YOU CAN ONLY WALK A FEW MORE STEPS PERHAPS WE CAN SEE THE HOUSE."
 "I CAN'T! I'M FALLING!" (NOW THE CURTAIN CLOSES.)



"THE SNOW HAS STOPPED FALLING, THE GROUND IS ALL WHITE, THE DAY TRAVELS ONWARD, IT SOON WILL BE NIGHT, AND NO ONE HAS FOUND THE POOR BABES IN THE WOOD, SO COLD - SO SLEEPY - SO HELPLESS - SO GOOD."



"AS THE CURTAIN IS OPENED, WE FIND THE CHILDREN ON THE STAGE ASLEEP COMPLETELY COVERED WITH SNOW. THERE IS NO SOUND FOR A MINUTE AND THEN A SOFT TINKLING OF BELLS DRAWING CLOSER AND CLOSER. THEN -"



"COME WITH ME, SANTA, I'VE FOUND A CLEARING!"
"LOOK, NOTHING BUT SNOW AND TREES, NO CHILDREN!"
"NOW, LET ME SEE. I HEARD THE CHILDREN SAY THEY WERE GOING TO THE HOUSE OF THE FARMER."



"WELL, THE WIND WAS BLOWING AND THE SNOW WAS FALLING AND I COULDN'T HEAR VERY WELL."
"THE FARMER'S HOUSE IS A MILE UP THE PATH - WE'LL SEARCH AGAIN."



"I'LL SIT HERE AND TAKE ANOTHER LOOK AT THE MAP."

"OUCH!"



"SANTA!"
"CHILDREN!"



"OH, SANTA, WILL YOU HELP US ?"
"PLEASE HELP ME !"



"NOW HOLD ON A MINUTE,
JUST DONT RUSH AWAY,
A LOT OF STRANGE THINGS
HAVE HAPPENED TODAY !



"YOUR WICKED STEPMOTHER,
KNEW NOT HOW TO COOK...
IN GETTING SOME WATER,
SHE FELL IN THE BROOK .
IN LIGHTING THE FIRE
SHE SPIED A WEE MOUSE,
AND THROWING THE MATCHES
SHE BURNED DOWN THE HOUSE .
IN RUNNING TO SAVE HERSELF
SLIPPED ON THE FLOOR ..
SO YOU'LL NEVER BE HEARING
FROM HER ANYMORE ."



"WHERE WILL WE GO ?"
"WHAT'LL WE DO ?"

WELL UP IN THE NORTH-POLE
I HAVE ME A SPOT —
IT'S WARM WHEN YOU'RE INSIDE
AND COLD WHEN YOU'RE NOT.
IN OUR PANTRY ARE COOKIES AND
JELLY AND JAM
JUST MADE FOR A NICE LITTLE
LADY AND MAN.
THERE'S A BARN FOR MY REINDEER
AND A WORKSHOP FOR TOYS
BUT NO ONE TO USE THEM
NO GIRLS AND NO BOYS.

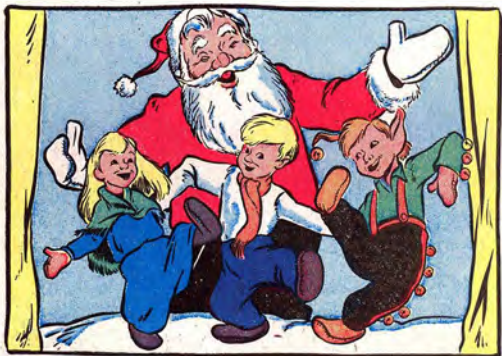
MY WIFE, MRS. CLAUD,
IS AS SUNNY AND ROUND
WHEN SHE LAUGHS IT'S THE GAYEST
AND MERRIEST SOUND.
BUT THE ONLY THING NEEDED
TO MAKE IT COMPLETE
IS A LITTLE KATHRINA AND
WILLIAM SO SWEET."



"DO YOU MEAN?"
"WILL YOU?"



"YES, SANTA AND I WILL TAKE YOU
WITH US AND YOU'LL ALWAYS BE HAPPY."



"WE'RE OFF TO LIVE WITH SANTA CLAUS
AND MRS. CLAUS, HIS WIFE ---
AND TINY TINKLE BRIGHT AND GAY
WE'LL LIVE THERE ALL OUR LIFE.
OH, NO MORE TEARS AND NO MORE SIGHS
OH, **HAPPY?** WE SHOULD SAY!
WE'RE OFF TO LIVE WITH SANTA CLAUS
THIS MERRY CHRISTMAS DAY."

The End
AND
Merrie Christmas

The CHRISTMAS MOUSE



A vintage illustration of Santa Claus, depicted with a large white beard and hair, wearing a yellow tunic, red trousers, and red shoes. He is holding a large white sign with green text. The background is a dark green gradient.

and now-
Merry
Christmas
to
ALL!